

election, by Mr. Jefferson, with a majority of four votes.

Mr. Adams, however, in retirement was no silent spectator of the occurrences of the times—he noticed events and gave his ideas to the public through the medium of the public press.

He was at one time, about 1809, elected by the dominant party of Massachusetts, a candidate for the office of Governor of the state, but he preferred the quiet of his domestic circle—he, however, was chosen president of the convention which in 1820 formed the new Constitution of his native state—this honour, from bodily infirmities, he declined, and received the expression, from *five hundred delegates*, of their most exalted sense of his merits and services.

This is but a slight reference to the various public offices which Mr. Adams filled during the course of his public services—his historian will display them in the engaging and instructive light which they ought to occupy—and if he is true to the great trust he assumes, he will not neglect to describe the domestic virtues of Mr. Adams.

After living to see the works of his hands tried by every test that National experience can dictate, after seeing his son elevated to the highest honours that this earth has to bestow—having his own name associated with the happiness of Ten Millions of grateful people—Mr. Adams left this earth, blest, as few men have been, with a consciousness of having fulfilled the highest destinies for which Providence had marked him, and in the pleasing and supporting hope that brighter rewards were in store for him.

BONAPARTE'S GRAVE.

(From the Journal of a gentleman just returned from India.)—Our touching at St. Helena would have been an incident devoid of interest to me, had it not been for the opportunity of viewing the tomb of him whose devastating arm spread terror over the face of Europe. St. Helena appeared to be in itself a frightful island—a rock of desolation—an emblem for the seat of exile—an insulated prison—a scene of all others the most likely to break the heart of one banished to its abrupt and rugged strand. It cost me a world of trouble and fatigue (which, but for the object I had in view, would have been ill repaid) to mount up the steep serpentine windings and constant twistings and turnings which relieve the traveller to a certain degree in the almost perpendicular ascent. On my way, I passed by the country-house called the Briars, which was the first habitation of Napoleon on his arrival in the island. It is a very sweet spot when contrasted with the surrounding horrors of the place, and owes much of its attraction to a water fall, which invites to musing and meditation, but the haunts of the liv-

ing were not the objects of my expedition, and I at length gained the tomb.

He who looks for the lofty and sublime in the mansion of the dead, will be wholly disappointed; not a trophy, not a wreath, no broken trumpet, nor fallen spear, no glave nor helmet—a plain slab, formed of three Portland flagstones, taken, for the purpose, from the fire-place of the Ex-Emperor's kitchen, in his new house, is the only covering on his grave; on this not a line either descriptive or commemorative, is written; no name, no date, as if he had gone—

“And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.”

Around the secluded spot, the romantic and picturesque prevail in a high degree. It is situated in a green valley, well planted with umbrageous trees and beautiful shrubs. Five willows droop over the blank tablet, and, waving in the breeze, throw alternate light and shade on this unlettered monument, rustling, at the same time in a mournful cadence. On the left side of the grave are peach-trees, which bear fruit; and a spring, as bright as crystal, glides on the outside of the railing which is about the tomb, and itself encompassed by a hedge of geraniums. A sergeant and a private are placed here on guard, and have orders to prevent people from gathering leaves, and cutting pieces off the willow trees. I had intended to write a line, by way of epitaph, with my pencil, on the stone; but the thing was impossible. My attempt was resisted, and I had some difficulty in obtaining a small piece of one of the trees; but was freely allowed to gather some of the peaches and the geranium, the hue of which reminded me of the riband of the Legion of Honor, founded by the deceased, and elevated by the blood of so many a battle-field. I now prepared to depart, when an incident of some interest arrested my steps for a while. A young and pretty French lady approached, and was seen leaning in a pensive attitude over the railing before described, with her eyes in tears, bent on the grave which it enclosed.—She was one of a party of natives of France, who had landed from a ship in the bay to visit this memorable sepulchre. Her companions speedily arrived, and, after a look or two, persuaded her to quit the spot to which she seemed almost immovably attached. The only male in the party evinced that trivial disregard which signals the character of his countrymen. He shrugged up his shoulders, and, as they fell again, uttered something illustrative of the shortness and uncertainty of human glory. Then (speaking of the island) he said, *Ma foi, c'est un coudroit execrable*. The young lady remained without speaking all the time, and in a few minutes I lost sight of her. I now regained my ship, and made sail for England; but the barren rock, lone grave, and weeping girl, have ever since been in my thoughts.